

Matrimonial Missionaries.

Persons who have persuaded themselves that they have a mission are usually so laden with, so bent on, the fulfillment, as to interfere with the charm of their society. And their attractiveness is more or less diminished by the character of their mission, which, when in any way connected with the life or surroundings of their associates or acquaintances, is apt to be overbearing. Matrimonial missionaries come within this category, and they are likely to be unflattering in presentation of their views and the advantages of what they advocate. Naturally, most of them are women, and married women; for if they were not already wives, they would be restrained by delicacy from expressing themselves warmly in favor of what they had not tried, lest it might be suspected that they were over-eager for the experiment. But being wives they can be accused—unless they chance to have marriageable daughters or relatives of interested motives or studied designs. When their eulogies of wedlock can be referred to any personal cause, they are liable to be called, and not unjustly, match-makers, between whom and matrimonial missionaries there is so much difference that the two should never be confounded.

A match-maker may be said to be enlisted for a campaign; a matrimonial missionary is in for the war; and when the present war is over, for the next war, and the war after that. Her service, indeed, is for life. She will never cease to recommend marriage, generally and particularly, abstractly and concretely, in season and out of season. Her faith in the institution is unshaken and unshakable, whatever her outward observation or her received confidences may have been. She is interested in that point, and so interested in it as to be forever darting off from other topics to take up the one she loves.

It is the first duty and the last of every man and woman to get married. There is not, there can not be, any valid excuse for celibacy—not poverty, not disease, nor disinclination, nor bad habits, nor want of affection; each or any of which, in unbiased eyes, accounted an excellent reason. She knows better. Marriage is a panacea. If a young woman be an atheist, it will convert her. If a young man be a dissipated, it will reform him. If he be poor, it will insure his pecuniary independence. If he be opposed on principle to the condition, or if he be convinced of his unfitness for it, experience will disprove his mistake. Does a young woman confess that she loves no one, has no such feelings as would warrant her in accepting a husband, she is told that this is all foolish romance; that when marriage comes, love follows, with happiness and all the rest.

The missionary is often fortunately wedded herself, which explains her tendency to misapprehension of marriages in general. Seeing the world through her own rose spectacles, she can not believe that it does not reflect her happy state. You may mention any number of inharmonious alliances, of deep spiritual tragedies that have resulted from mis-mating, but she will not credit you. You have been misinformed, and if you assert your positive knowledge, your judgment has certainly been warped. She may concede that such a thing as connubial unhappiness exists, but it is clearly the fault of the parties themselves. They need not have been unhappy unless they were so restless. The kind of marriage she recommends—she actually recommends any and every kind—would not and could not have such consequences. The whole globe may be wrong, but the divine institution, as she likes to name it, is unquestionably right, and even a very ill marriage is better, she is sure, than no marriage at all.

Even when the missionary is not such a wife as she claims that nearly all women are, when she is notoriously unsuited to her husband, and he to her, she is not less persevering and ardent in her labors. She contends for wedlock and its joys, whatever her private sufferings in the cause; she not only loses no opportunity to chant its praises; she turns all times into opportunity, and is always to be found that someone has as if it brought her unending ecstasy. Perhaps she has such faith in what should be that she refuses absolutely to put trust in what is.

There are persons who think her impelled by malice; that, being wretched herself through matrimony, she would like to see others wretched by the same means. But they probably do her injustice. Her faith and experience does not mar her faith in, or her admiration for, wedlock. Having missed her destiny by some delusion, which may yet be made good, it would be a sovereign satisfaction to have her friends enjoy what has by uncontrollable circumstance been denied to her. It is really benevolence which moves her connubial springs. She is more resigned to her domestic incompatibilities when she reflects that her tireless efforts have been expended in directing the mind of others in the path, as she conceives, of true felicity. Her personal disappointment is softened by the thought that the many have realized their radiant dreams.

She is absolutely sincere in her counsels and endeavors, and nobody acquainted with her will question her energy and resolution. She would not, could she have her way, leave a maiden or bachelor on earth. She would have the whole world arranged in conjugal pairs. She would not let a single person be left to his or her fate, but would be vain, for, without marriage, there could be no paradise. Her confidence in unions under all circumstances may be beautiful; but her manner of expressing it is so ceaseless and frequently so inappropriate that she bores her acquaintances exceedingly. Even marriage may be worn threadbare as a theme; the interest of the subject, like the interest of the thing, may be exhausted.

It is more than embarrassing for single persons to be over-lauding urged to do what they have proved by their life they are opposed to doing. Despite their general respect for the missionary, they grow to hate her eternal solo on one string. There are here, and in every city, hundreds of estimable women whose society is made wearisome, though it might be delightful, by the perpetual parading of their hobby. If they but knew how, they frustrate their cherished purpose. Nothing is so likely to hinder marriage as to advise and advocate it. Wedlock goes, in a certain sense, by contraries. The missionaries are constitutionally. They have made many adversaries, but few converts. If they would serve hymen effectually, let them disavow the deity.—N. Y. Times.

CHARLES LAMB.

Amusing Stories of the Stammering Humorist

LAMB was invited to meet a somewhat mixed company. One was Mr. D., a retired cheesemonger, who had been for years in some commission connected with the poor-fish. He was a pompous man, with a grand affection of having been born to the exalted position. At one time in the course of the dinner opinions ran at variance as to the proper methods of dealing with pauperdom, and Mr. D.—assumed a very like manner. "Gentlemen," he said, thrusting his thumbs into the arm-holes of his vest, lying back in his chair, and inflating his lungs to their utmost capacity—"Gentlemen, I should know what I am speaking of, with all my opportunities for studying the dispositions of these miserable and troublesome paupers. Gentlemen, they are as worthless and ungrateful as they are and have been imprinted. The time has been, gentlemen, when I had some of the milk of human kindness in my breast for these wretches; but now I have paused for a moment in order to let the conclusion come more overwhelmingly—"N-now," broke in Lamb, with his poor, thin face all childish innocence—"N-now, Mr. D.—, I suppose that m-milk is all m-made up into ch-cheese?" Lamb received an invitation on a certain evening to be present at a breakfast at Rogers' the following morning, to meet a young author, whose great volume of poetry left the press that day. He went a trifle early and reached the waiting-room while it was vacant, Rogers not having come down, and none of the other guests having arrived. On a table lay a copy of the young poet's new book. Lamb picked it up, ran through it, saw that it contained nothing of any special mark, and then in a few minutes yet remaining, amused himself by committing to memory the four or five short poems it contained. The guests arrived—among them the young aspirant for honors. Some of the leading men of the London world of letters were among the number. Rogers descended, the young man was introduced, and the breakfast was served. Some literary matters came under discussion, pending the after-introduction of the young poet's book. With the gravity of faces, after a few moments, Lamb said: "I don't think, gentlemen, that I have ever repeated to you one of my best poems. What say you? Will you have it?" Nobody could understand what was coming, but all could read the mischievous flash in the eye that was usually so kindly, and the demand for the poem was general. Lamb quietly repeated, word for word, one of the poems from the young man's book. The key was furnished to the guests when they saw the young poet pale, then reddened, and then fall back in his chair, as astonished as if thunderstruck, and as helpless as if paralyzed. Loud cheers, clapping of hands, and demands for more. Lamb bowed his thanks, pretended not to remember anything else that he had lately written, and then, under urging, repeated another, and yet another, of the poems from the young man's book—the building poem, manifesting symptoms of doubt whether he was himself, whether any thing on the earth was real, whether he had really written the poems that up to that time he had believed that he had—until he heard a man declaiming them, and claiming them for his own; a man who could not even have seen his unpublished book. Loud cheers, and a still louder demand for yet another. The louder demand, the more now thoroughly instructed, began to grow "fast and furious." Lamb, who had previously retained his sitting position, now rose and said:

"Gentlemen, I have only been giving you a little bit of my poetry. But I have one poem that I am a little proud of. I wrote it a good many years ago. This is how it begins:

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into the world, with all our woe."

The recitation was doomed to go no further. For the previous few minutes the young poet, crazed with wonder, and yet aware that in some unaccountable manner he was being robbed—had simply been tearing his hair. But at this juncture he could restrain himself no longer. He sprang to his feet, his face aflame, and burst out:

"Gentlemen, this is too much! I have sat here, gentlemen, and heard that man repeat poem after poem of mine, claiming them for his own, and I have borne it. But when I hear him attempt to claim the opening lines of Milton's 'Paradise Lost'—"

That address, too, was doomed to be cut short like the recitation. Rogers averred that never, beneath his roof, with all the merry madness that may beget by some delusion, which may yet be made good, it would be a sovereign satisfaction to have her friends enjoy what has by uncontrollable circumstance been denied to her. It is really benevolence which moves her connubial springs. She is more resigned to her domestic incompatibilities when she reflects that her tireless efforts have been expended in directing the mind of others in the path, as she conceives, of true felicity. Her personal disappointment is softened by the thought that the many have realized their radiant dreams.

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John Bacon, LaPorte, Indiana, writes: "Hurray for Spring Blossom!" it's all you recommended it to be. My dyspepsia has all vanished; why don't you advertise it? What allowance will you make if I take a dozen bottles, so that I could

obliged my friends occasionally?" Price: 50 cents, trial bottles 10 cents. Sold by A. J. Roberts and Croft & Slater.

Photographs on Window-Panec.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing from Laurel, O., says: The Nicholas Building is a corner building of two stories, and forms an L in fronting on the two streets. The upper story has been occupied in whole or in part by families or as work-shops in the inverse order as follows: John M. Wilson, present occupant, backing; Chas. Day, John McKinley, E. W. Day's shoe and harness shop, Jas. Wm. Boyce, John Mofford, Jack Boyce, the Grange, etc. On the rear of each L in the upper story there is a window facing respectively southwest and northwest. Last January, 1890, O. W. Davis accidentally discovered a distinct likeness of a little girl's face on one of the panes of the window facing southwest. The attention of several persons was called to it at the time, each of whom saw the face, but for reasons best known to themselves it was not made public until last Monday evening. On Tuesday morning considerable interest seemed to be manifested about the matter, when I met with John L. Barkley's opera glass I began an investigation of what was to be seen, and, on examination, the likeness of a little girl was distinctly seen on the window-pane, or rather, appeared a little inside the window; so distinct, indeed, that all the party then present, some twenty in number, agreed that it was the likeness of Cora Rogers, a little daughter of Thomas Rogers. This child, about six years old, lived with Jas. W. Boyce, who occupied these rooms about a year and a half ago.

On careful inspection another image was discovered on the same pane. The face turned partly toward the observer. And on the other side of the first picture still another, much younger, but plump and smiling, and later in the day still a fourth one; this was of an older person, all on the same pane. None of these last could be identified. Viewed from a particular locality, and under favorable circumstances of illumination, all the first three could be seen at once. The fourth seemed to partly overlap the others, and could not always be seen at the same time with the others.

While looking at this object, one of the company, Mrs. L. Carter, discovered what was supposed to be another likeness on one of the panes of the other window (the one facing northwest). Almost all could see it, but with the opera glass I found no difficulty in recognizing the faces of two children lying dead, the face of one partly concealed from view by the one in front. Several of the party could recognize this also. Later in the day Dr. O. D. Simmons discovered another face on the same pane, and still later I found the fourth one, all four distinctly seen under favorable circumstances at one view.

At one time in the afternoon the sash was removed to within the darkened room, but by ever so careful management of the light the views were not so satisfactory as in its natural place in the window. Later in the afternoon I could distinctly recognize a likeness on another pane of this last window, and also Walter Simmons discovered a good likeness on still another pane of the same window. With the opera glass I could plainly see this face. It was that of a little girl with a round crown hat on. This made four panes of window glass having on them these likenesses. They are viewed from the ground, and from many positions and distances. A good deal depends on their illumination and the particular point from which they are viewed. By placing a dark hat behind the picture it is shown in the air.

Nothing can be discovered on or in the pane of window glass when very close to it. The panes were washed and rubbed dry, etc., only to make the images more distinct, doubtless by removing particles of dust, etc.

Later—On the pane first described to-day, on carefully focusing the opera glass in steady position and in particular locality, and in good state of personal health and fasting, I was enabled to see it appear as a face of a child, and a number of men beside the children first described. They could not all be seen at one view, but all from the same locality. In directing the point of vision to this or that locality I would see the image there; the others would gradually dissolve away. They seemed to overlap each other somewhat, like a lot of coin thrown promiscuously in a heap. It is known that the Grange had a meeting in this room on one particular electric night. Now, how could these pictures have been photographed by lightning. The flash of lightning furnished the light to form the image, and this, together with the accompanying electricity, produced chemical or molecular change in the constituents of the glass, and then the images were fixed.

An Editor's Escape.

OFFICE OF THE "INDUSTRIAL ERA," ALEX., IOWA, May 26, 1891.

To Whom it may Concern:

I take great pleasure in making the following statement: I have been afflicted with a disease of the kidneys for the past two years, and have tried numerous remedies with only partial and temporary relief. Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure was recommended to me, and after taking it the pain and distress left me, and I am today feeling strong and well. I am perfectly satisfied that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is the medicine needed, and can cheerfully recommend it to others.

G. W. STAMM.

MISCELLANEOUS.

110 Acres Wood Land

FOR SALE!

I offer for sale 110 acres of choice Wood Land in town of Janesville. The land is adjacent to the river and about four miles from the city. It is well wooded and has a good water supply. It is a rare opportunity to acquire a large tract of land at a low price. It is a rare opportunity to acquire a large tract of land at a low price. It is a rare opportunity to acquire a large tract of land at a low price.

J. H. CONRAD.

SHARP & SMITH.

MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS. APARATUS FOR DYSPEPSIA of every description. ELASTIC STOCKINGS for Varicose Veins and Weak Joints. CHURCHES, SCHOOLS, BRACKS with Steel Back. ARTIFICIAL LIPS AND ADAMS, WHEEL CHAIRS for Invalids. RUBBER AIR TUBES and RUBBER CATHETERS for End Sore, FISTULAS, of every variety. 100 MADISON ST. CHICAGO. Trusses furnished by a thoroughly competent and experienced.

Escaped from the Toils.

John Bacon, LaPorte, Indiana, writes: "Hurray for Spring Blossom!" it's all you recommended it to be. My dyspepsia has all vanished; why don't you advertise it? What allowance will you make if I take a dozen bottles, so that I could

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the stockholders of Oak Hill Cemetery Association is hereby called for Thursday evening next, January 6th, at 7:30 o'clock, at the office of the Secretary.

J. J. PEASE, President.

L. J. BARROWS, Secretary.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

INDIAN HERB POWDERS

To make a quart of Medicine guaranteed to cure Humors of the Blood, Dyspepsia, Liver Troubles, Kidney Weakness, or General Debility, sent by mail, for \$25, or 5 packages for \$1. Address: J. ALONZO GREENE, Indian Doctor, 816 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

\$777 Outfit Free. Address: P. O. VICK, 1814 Augusta, Maine.

ADVERTISEMENTS send for our select List of Local Newspapers. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St. N. Y.

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SPECIALTIES

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Brush and Comb Cases, Dressing Cases, Cologne Bottles, Collogons and Extracts for the Hair and Kerchiefs, Chamomile-skins, Hair, Nail and Tooth Brushes, Toilet Soaps, Prepared Bird-Seed, Drugs, Medicines, Patent Medicines, Chamomile-skin Jackets.

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TRULSON & PETERSON

Take pleasure in informing their numerous customers and friends that they have removed their Mammoth Stock of

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From the Myers House block to the F. S. Eldred Store, corner of West Milwaukee and River Sts., near First National Bank, where they will be pleased to see all old and many new customers as well as favor them with a call, assuring all that they will sell in the future, as in the past.

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